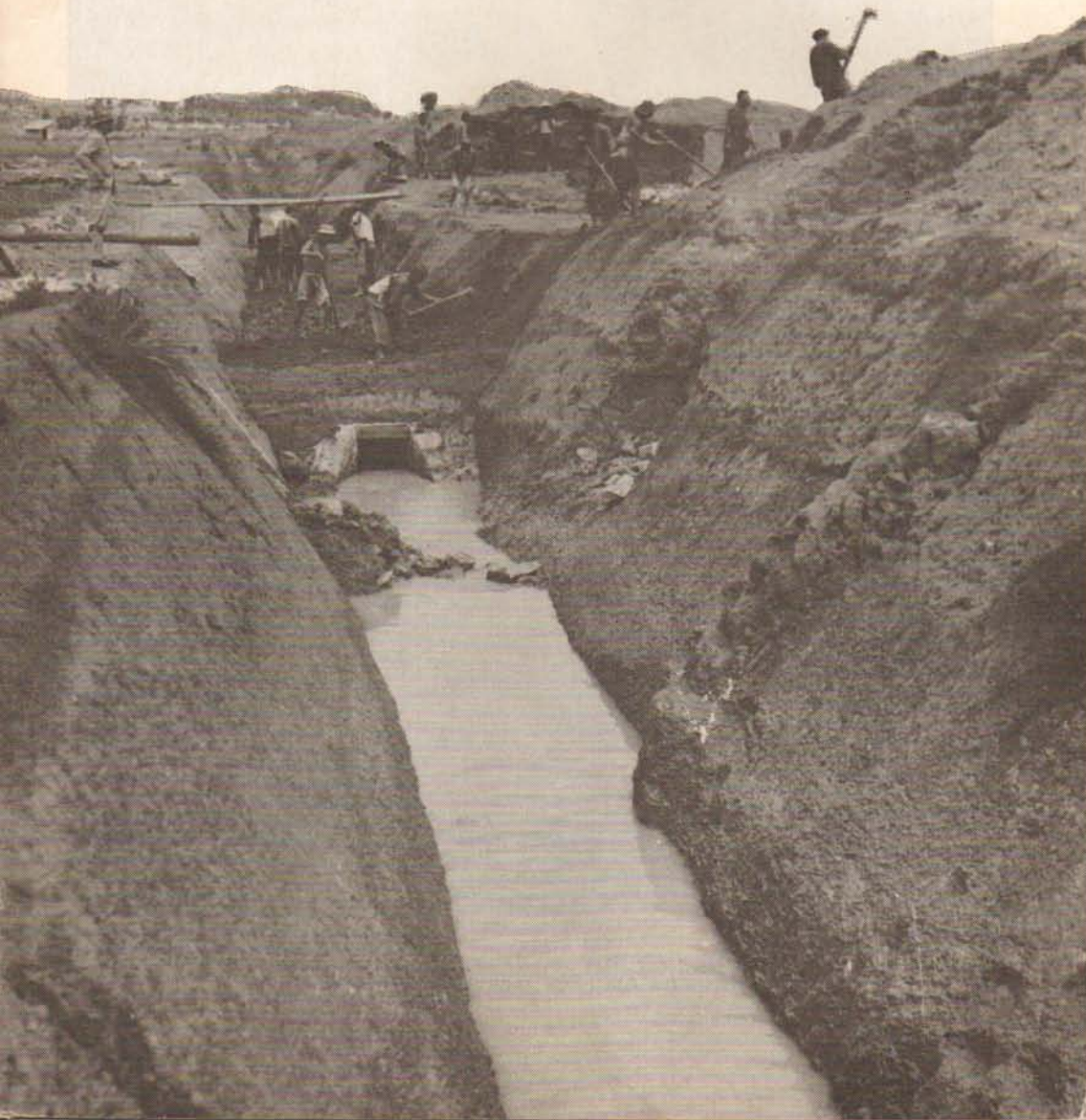


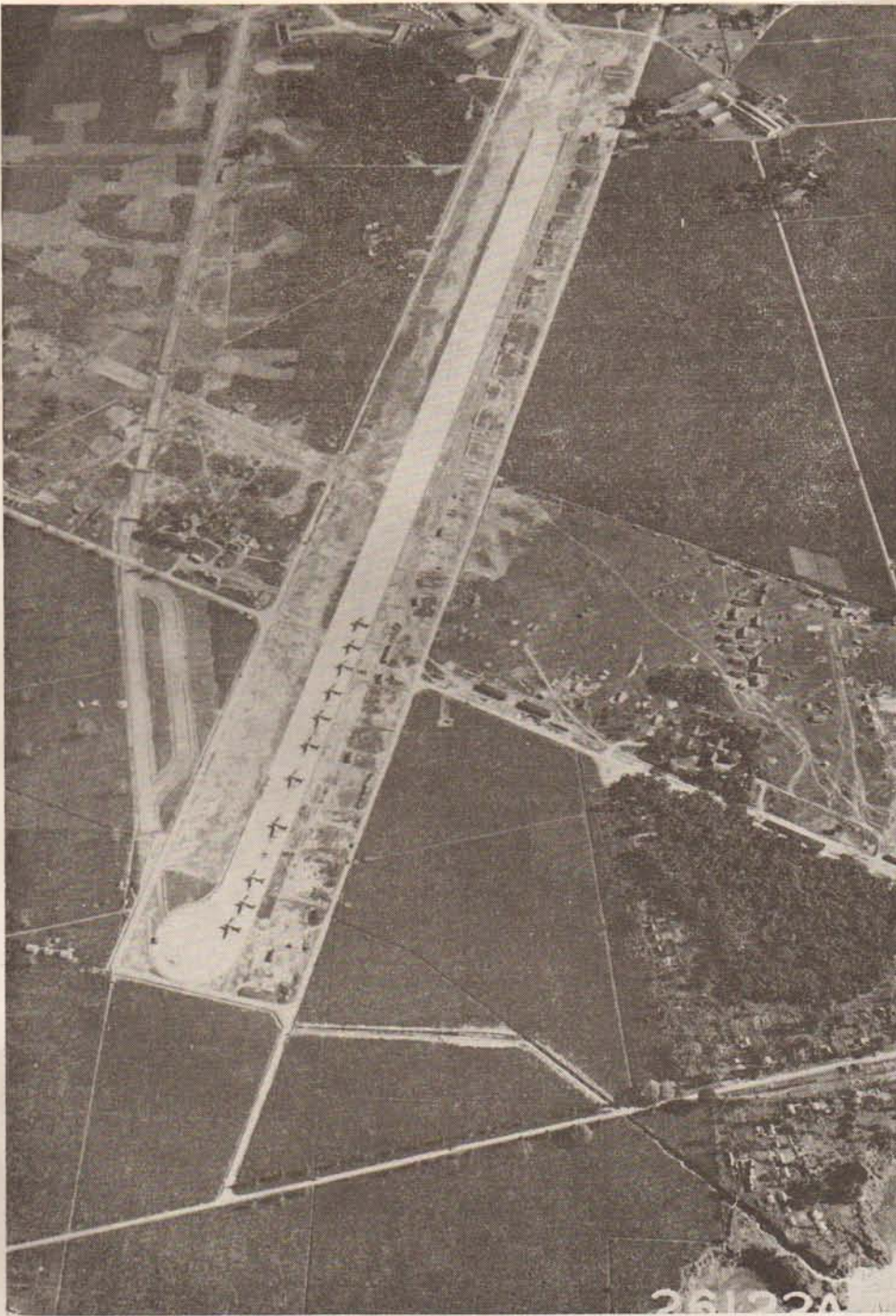


Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

JANUARY
1967





AERIAL VIEW of the Sookerating Air Base near Dum Duma, India, at an altitude of 450 feet. This U.S. Air Force photo shows the 6,000-foot runway.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol 22, No. 1

JANUARY, 1967

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer

Editor

SECOND CLASS postage paid at Laurens, Iowa.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE

\$4.00 per Year

Foreign: \$5.00 per Year

\$7.50 Two Years

\$9.00 Two Years

Please Report Change of Address Immediately!

Direct All Correspondence to

Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 125

Laurens, Iowa 50554

Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● This month's cover shows Chinese laborers on a U.S. Air Force base in China digging a culvert alongside a taxi strip leading to dispersal area hard standings. These culverts were necessary to drain the water and carry it away during the rainy season. U.S. Air Force photo.

● We appreciate the many Christmas and New Year's greetings received from Roundup subscribers. And the same to all of you!

● This year we were pleasantly surprised at the number of orders for gift subscriptions and back copies of Roundup for Christmas giving. One of the most unusual was the gift to a CBler from his teen-age son and daughter of a complete set of back copies and the binders to hold them. These two kids saved a pretty good sum of money to provide their CBI dad with a lot of reading that will bring back memories! We congratulate them for their thoughtfulness.

● A news item from Srinagar, Kashmir, says: "India is promoting the Pir Panjal mountain range resort of Gulmarg, altitude 8,500 feet, for the hardier type skiers. Buses take them the first 22 miles but from there it's five miles more on horseback or mule, and there are no ski-lifts." Having ridden a scrawny pony into Gulmarg just two years ago, we know what the Associated Press is talking about in this reference to "the hardier type skiers!"

JANUARY, 1967



Starts Sixth Term

● Bucky Walter, veteran basketball writer for the San Francisco Examiner, was recently named president of the NorCal Writers-Broadcasters for a sixth consecutive term. He will be remembered by CBlers as the editor of the CBI Roundup.

RAY KIRKPATRICK,
San Francisco, Calif.

Col. Lyle Powell

● Have just been informed by Mrs. Jerry Powell of San Diego, Calif., of the death of her husband, Col. Lyle Powell, Medical Dept. U.S. Army, on June 1 of cancer. Colonel Powell served on the Z Force staff at Kweilin, China, in 1944, until the Japs drove them out in June.

BOYD B. HILL,
Colonel, Army, ret.,
Formerly Z Force Staff,
Long Beach, Miss.



WOMAN in north India poses for serviceman's camera. Photo by Leslie F. Kipp.



SELLER of jasmine and tuberoses at central flower mart in Kunming, 1945. Photo by Ben Brannon.

Found a Bride

● Please send another copy of the December 1962 issue. Note my letter on page 4 of that issue. After Mrs. Winger signed the release for publication, I had no further excuse to see her, except to tell her I wanted to see her personally. We are now married and have a daughter nearly two years old. Roundup may be only a "reminiscing magazine," but it is responsible for at least one marriage. My thanks, too, to Frank Scanlon of Massachusetts who requested stories on "the GI brides from India." We both read Roundup from cover to cover . . . keep them coming.

CARROLL F. SMITH,
Holcombe, Wis.

CBIer Smith's letter in the December 1962 issue told about the former Miss Marjorie Catwell of India, who came to Wisconsin after marrying Russell L. Winger in Calcutta. She remained on the farm in Wisconsin after her husband lost his life in a tractor accident in 1957. Letter above brings her story up to date! —Ed.

Pictorial Record

● Regarding Ray Kirkpatrick's answer (December issue) to Lewis Durham's request for information about the Ramgarh pictorial rec-

ord, "Now It Can Be Told," I want to say that the cost of the book (to me) was Rupees 10, not 2. If I recall correctly, we subscribed to it in late 1943 or early 1944, but I didn't receive my copy until after my discharge in September of 1945. It was a very pleasant surprise when it was delivered to my home because I had forgotten all about subscribing for it.

ANDREW JANKO,
McKeesport, Pa.

Charles Hugo Stehling

● Charles Hugo Stehling, 44-year-old Continental

Airlines pilot, died in August, 1965, at Los Angeles, Calif., where he had made his home. During World War II he reached the rank of captain in the Army Air Corps, and spent considerable time as a ferry pilot in the China-Burma-India Theater. He received several citations. After the war he joined Continental and served that airline for nearly 20 years. Survivors include his wife, a daughter, two grandchildren, his parents and other relatives.

(From a newspaper clipping submitted by J. W. Bowman, Littleton, Colo.)

Emmett Stephens

● Emmett (Tex) Stephens, 81, who retired as an Army staff sergeant in 1963 after almost 57 years with the Corps of Engineers, died October 12 at the DeWitt Army Hospital, Fort Belvoir, Va., after a long illness. A native of Knox City, Tex., he was a carpenter at Fort Belvoir from 1945 to 1963. He and his wife, Sophie, lived at Accotink, Va. During his career he had served in Burma, the western United States and Europe.

(From a newspaper clipping submitted by Chas. W. Rose, Knoxville, Md.)



STREET scene in Kweilin, China, in 1944. Photo by Milton Klein.



LAUNDRY FACILITIES at Ramgarh with concrete replacing the usual stone, but results to buttons were just the same! Photo by Andrew Janko.

Old Friends to Meet

● Just received a Christmas card from an old friend I haven't seen nor heard from in over 20 years, because he read "Easy Into Burma" in your magazine. He is Gerald F. Baumgardner, Lt. Col. AFRes (ret.). He's living in Oakland, Calif., now and in real estate business. Jerry and I grew up together from about six years old right up to Pearl Harbor Day. Then we both enlisted in the Army; both got into the CBI Theater. He says that at the time I was in Burma he was in Kweilin, China, and on occasion helped in the rice drop at Myitkyina. He says he might have hit me with a sack of rice. So your magazine is bringing old friends back together again. The CBIVA is having a convention here in Cincinnati in August and I'm to meet Jerry there.

RUSSEL E. PRATHER,
Kettering, Ohio

John A. Appleton

● John A. Appleton, 74, of Bryn Mawr, Pa., who retired 10 years ago as vice president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, died recently at Temple University Hospital. He was formerly

vice president of the railroad's central region at Pittsburgh. A year after graduating from Yale, Mr. Appleton began his railroad career in 1915 as a clerk. During World War II, he was director of military railways in the China-India-Burma Theater. Afterward, as a brigadier general, he became director of military railways for Allied Headquarters in Europe. Among his numerous decorations were the Legion of Merit for services in India and the Croix de Guerre from France. Survivors include his wife, a son, two daughters and 10 grandchildren. Burial was at Arlington (Va.) National Cemetery.

(From a newspaper clipping submitted by Walter W. Phillips, Philadelphia, Pa.)

18th Vet. Hosp.

● Have been reading Ex-CBI Roundup for many years and still enjoy reading it. But I have never seen anything about the 18th Vet. Evac. Hosp. We were with Merrill's Marauders through Burma, attached to them. I served under Captain Tate most of the time in Burma; Col. E. Young was our CO. I

did get to see some of my buddies from our outfit during the past few years, and we were glad to see each other again. Hope you keep up the good work.

HERMAN VESTING,
Tripoli, Iowa

Veteran of Year

● Lester J. Dencker, Milwaukee attorney and first national commander of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association, was the unanimous choice of a panel of judges to be the recipient of the 1966 Milwaukee "Veteran of the Year" Award. The presentation was made at the annual Civic Veterans Day Banquet at the War Memorial Center before an assembly of 450 that included congressmen; county, city and state officials; judges and veterans. Presentation of the award was made by Robert W. Schroeder, chairman of the Veterans Board of Directors of the Milwaukee War Memorial Center.

GENE BRAUER,
Milwaukee, Wis.



WINNER of the 1966 Milwaukee "Veteran of the Year" Award was Lester J. Dencker, first national commander of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association. Dencker is shown receiving the award from Robert W. Schroeder.

Squeeze, Yo Yo Poles, Jing Bao Juice

By ROD CHALMERS

Some 20 years afterward, and I've been thinking a bit about the interesting months I spent in China during World War II. I wouldn't care to do it over, but I wouldn't have missed it!

Here are a few random thoughts about those memorable days:

"Squeeze" was part of Chinese life. The man who took 10 per cent was considered normal, but if he took much more he was dishonest. This applied to the military as well as the civilian, and the Chinese commander usually padded his strength reports in order to collect enough more than he paid out to augment his meager salary. In some places this was true all the way up from company commander to commanding general of the army.

Pay and allowance of the individual soldier, of course, was very small. He got little more than his food, carried his rice on "yo yo poles" and had extremely poor equipment. Many of the soldiers were in tattered uniforms and without shoes.

I can remember no American ground forces except liaison teams. The Chinese were providing "defense" for American airfields, and there was always confusion as the Japanese advanced. Sometimes the Chinese "defenders" pulled out without notice, leaving the American air personnel to evacuate bases as best they could.

The Chinese guards on American airfields were often "trigger happy." And they were able to shoot straight! It was well to know the right answer to their challenge, which was "Wo shih Megua ping."

Chinese and Japanese soldiers used to play little games. The Chinese would retire from a certain hill and allow the Japs to capture it, thus claiming a "glorious victory." Next night the Japs would retire peacefully and give the Chinese a "glorious victory." There were even rumors of selling arms, like the case of a Japanese company which retreated after burying a sum of money . . . then the Chinese moved in, dug up the money and buried a supply of American weapons before retiring so the Japs could claim the equipment they had "purchased."

Thefts by guards were not unknown . . . there were cases where even wheels were stolen off airplanes. The "thieves market" in Kunming was well stocked

with American provisions and equipment.

I never could understand the Chinese sense of humor. Near Chihkiang I was called off the road by a group of laughing Chinese who pointed out the body of a young woman, her throat cut from ear to ear. "Ding hao," they yelled, pointing at the body.

And at Shantung, near Chungking, bystanders laughed and cried "ding hao" as they pointed out the body of a civilian with a bayonet running in his chest and out his back. To me it wasn't funny!

Speaking of bayonets, I recall the time a Chinese officer of the guard found a sentry asleep in one of the little sentry boxes which were commonly used. He grabbed a rifle from another guard, pinned the sentry to the wall with a bayonet through his body, and then strode off.

In another case an American G.I. caught a "coolie" stealing, and started taking him to the stationmaster. He was stopped by a Chinese guard, who insisted on taking the prisoner. The G.I. was sure he would turn him loose, so refused, and was in turn shot by the guard. Investigation revealed that the supposed "coolie" was actually the commanding officer of the guard.

Then there was the place where coolies were hired by the stationmaster to steal gasoline, which he in turn would sell to a warlord for \$30 a gallon. Any coolie captured was usually turned loose. Occasionally, however, there was enough pressure from above that it was necessary to make an example. In that case the prisoner would be hanged by his thumbs with leather thongs, his arms behind his back, regularly beaten and tortured. Sometimes his arms would be pulled from the sockets before he was shot.

I recall one "execution" where the prisoner was beaten to a pulp, then executed publicly along with much fanfare and blowing of horns. An officer did the job, shooting the prisoner in the body and then kicking him in the face . . . repeating the routine three times before he declared the prisoner dead.

Chinese pilots were sometimes unpredictable. At Liangshan one day, I saw two Chinese P-51 pilots come in for a landing at the same time—one from each end of the runway! Fortunately they missed one another.

Also at Liangshan, there was the day when 27 Chinese soldiers (Chungua ping) being hauled off to the fighting area

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

jumped out of a C-46 on takeoff. Six or seven were killed; those who survived were shot for desertion.

A normal load of Chinese soldiers in a C-46 was 65, with all their equipment but without parachutes. Sometimes the count on arrival was less than 65. Once, for instance, an American sergeant who spoke the Chinese language joking told the passengers before takeoff to throw out anyone who was sick en route. When the plane landed in Peking there were only 62 passengers aboard.

"Megua fiji boo hao." That was the standard remark of Chinese pilots who brought in American planes for repair. A little maintenance and proper operation by the Chinese would have made a lot of difference!

Some fighter bombers used a double shackle for bombs. In one case the Chinese operating these American planes put two bombs instead of one on each side, a bomb on each shackle, making it impossible to drop the bomb load. Ten planes went out on a mission fully loaded . . . ten planes came back fully loaded. All bombs were armed; fortunately no one was injured.

At Chungking I once saw the body of a boy, 10 or 12 years of age, in the street near the American embassy. I was told he had been killed by a Chinese jeep that morning. When I came by at 8 o'clock that evening the body had not been moved.

Remember those comfortable hostels, built of bamboo covered with mud, and with a thatched roof over bamboo matting? The rats loved to play in the roof, and sometimes peer down from the matting. A favorite sport was to lie in a bunk with a .45, shooting rats as they showed their beady little eyes through the ceiling.

Liquor? Ah, that was something! Motor vehicles used 20-80, which was 20 per cent gasoline and 80 per cent Chinese commercial alcohol. The alcohol was delivered to the base in 50-gallon drums . . . we'd have a medic test the contents of one to make sure it was "pure," then use a bamboo filter with sand and charcoal to take out the rust, and put it in airplane belly tanks for transportation to the hostel. Although the Quartermaster had little American food, he always had plenty of lemon powder . . . a little of this with some boiled, brown rice paddy water, with the right amount of "jeep juice" added, made the damndest "Tom Collins" you've ever tasted!

Coffee? Sure, we always had it. In one place we used three blow torches to heat it.

Characters? There were plenty of them, both native and American! I remember

"Pop," the Chinese houseboy at one of our hostels. One could only guess at his age . . . anywhere from 30 to 70. One day when I inquired about his understanding of Americans he mentioned he had lived at San Antonio, in San Diego and in the Imperial Valley. He claimed he still owned 22,000 acres of land south of El Centro, in Mexico near Mexicali. But he "lost his pants in cotton," he said, and still owed half a million dollars to another Chinese.

Then there were Gus and George Soderbaum, in their 50's, residents of Chungking. Born in Shanghai, of Swedish parentage, they had spent their entire lives in the Orient. Both were prisoners once in Afghanistan, Gus for a period of nine months. Gus was in the Shanghai area when the war began, and was held by the Japs for some time. He escaped with Chinese Communist help, then was held prisoner for nearly two years by the Central Government on grounds that he was a Communist. There was no evidence against him brought out at the trial, yet the Chinese continued to hold him because they didn't want to "lose face." He was finally released after his case was forgotten.

Colonel Mei, a Chinese intelligence officer in the much-feared organization headed by General Tai Li, once mentioned that it wasn't always healthy for a suspect to be cleared in a trial. "Then it often becomes necessary to take care of him later in Chicago style," he explained.

Remember when the war ended and it wasn't safe to land on any American airfield? Everyone was celebrating by shooting up any ammunition he could lay his hands on.

Even later, when the shouting died down, it wasn't always safe. I went into Kunming on official business, found Chiang's and Governor Lung's troops in a little private war of their own . . . lobbing mortar shells over Hostel 10, and with Hostel 1 isolated by machine guns and tanks. Some fun!

I'm not much interested in going back, but I wouldn't have missed it for all the tea in Boston!

—THE END

Roundup
Binders **\$3⁰⁰** Postpaid
Ex-CBI Roundup
P. O. Box 125 Laurens, Iowa

India Moves to Modernize Agriculture

By NICK KOTZ
Des Moines Register's
Washington Bureau

WASHINGTON, D. C.—India's hopes for improving her own agriculture have never been brighter, yet her present needs for imported food aid remain critical.

Many U.S. and Indian officials regard this situation as a cruel paradox. At a time when India finally has begun the reforms needed to create a modern agricultural system, she has been struck down for the second successive year by devastating droughts.

To understand India's present food predicament, one must look at her current localized food crisis, at her agricultural history, and at efforts of the last two years to improve production.

The present crisis is confined to the two northern states—Bihar and the eastern part of Uttar Pradesh. These are two of the poorest, most backward parts of the entire country, with 90 million of India's 488 million population.

Malnutrition is a way of life in both states, but until this year there had been no recent threat of mass starvation.

A severe drought in large areas of both states wiped out the fall rice and wheat crops. Ironically, northern Bihar lost its grain because of floods.

The general drought has been so severe that there has not been enough moisture to plant well the next crop which is due in the spring.

Furthermore, the entire country is now at the tail-end of its worst drought in history, and thus the other states have never been in a worse position to help out.

The crucial period will be from now until March, when the new crops hopefully will come in in sufficient volume to take care of the food needs of most of the country.

But officials despair of meeting food needs in Bihar and Uttar Pradesh without several million tons of food aid in the next three months.

In August, the Indian government submitted a request to the U.S. for two million tons of food grains for the period December-March. The request reached the President in October with the approval of concerned U.S. officials from the Agriculture Department and foreign aid program.

For a variety of reasons, the President hesitated on this request so long that India had to start buying grain with her

scanty foreign currency reserves. These grain purchases will permit the two food-short states to survive through January.

When the President finally does approve the emergency food aid request, it will take up to 10 weeks to get the grain delivered and distributed in India. U.S. and Indian officials agree that this could mean mass famine in the two states in February.

Prior to independence in 1946, little was done to improve agriculture in India. Progress was made thereafter with grain production jumping from 50 million tons in 1950 to 84 million tons in 1964.

But it was not until that year that U.S. and Indian officials discovered they had been concentrating their efforts on industrialization, while India was heading into a food crisis.

The 1965 droughts and the decline of U.S. wheat reserves finally brought home the point forcefully: India would have to modernize her agriculture and implement population control to avoid eventual famine.

How do you modernize agriculture in a country in which 45 per cent of the people live on plots of less than one acre; in which farmers know nothing about hybrid seeds or fertilizer and haven't money to buy them; in which water supplies depend on the fates, and in which the people speak 800 languages, 15 of which are official ones.

India decided last year in her latest five-year plan to place primary emphasis on agriculture. This official decision was the first step in the right direction.

The Indian plan calls for concentrating production on the 32 million acres with assured water supplies, rather than trying to modernize 320 million acres of present farmland.

The theory is to pour the essential ingredients—hybrid seeds, fertilizer, farm credit, technical skills, water, farm price supports—into these 32 million acres.

In theory, these acres can boost India's grain production 25 million tons a year by the 1970s.

"There are two ways to judge how well India has done the first year," says an American official. "Judged by what she has done historically, great progress has been made. Judged against her needs—food for an extra 14 million people every year—she has barely started to meet the problem."

American officials who have visited India in recent weeks give a generally

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

optimistic report on the first-year effort to modernize agriculture.

They point out that:

New, high-production seeds have been planted on about three million acres with spectacular results in increased yields of wheat and rice. Another three million acres are now being planted.

Fertilizer imports were increased from 500,000 to one million tons.

Farmers' attitudes and acceptance of modern technology have greatly improved.

Farm credit has been doubled to \$200 million for 1966.

A birth control program has been initiated and more than a million women have been fitted with birth-control devices.

Domestic fertilizer production has increased slightly.

Over the opposition of many of the Congress Party's most powerful Socialist leaders, the government has attempted to attract foreign investment in fertilizer plants.

Private ownership was permitted, private producers were for the first time permitted to distribute their products, price controls were lifted and licensing requirements for foreign companies were greatly simplified.

These have been politically unpopular decisions in some quarters—among farmers who must pay more for fertilizer, from co-ops who have lost their fertilizer distribution monopoly, from Socialists who oppose any capitalist venture, and from many sensitive Indians who feel that foreign investors and U.S. foreign aid officials are telling the Indian government how to run India.

There has been progress, but no flood of investors. Many investors have held back awaiting the results of India's February national elections to see if the new government will continue to present investment policies.

Thus, it appears that India will have to continue to rely in the next few years on grain imports and fertilizer imports. Unless she receives continued foreign aid, India won't be able to afford either the food or the fertilizer.

President Johnson has intimated that he expects the Indians not to rely solely on the U.S. but also to get agricultural help from Canada, France, Australia, and the Soviet Union.

India had contacted all these countries before the President balked on the emergency food shipments. Now, she has redoubled her efforts, with Canada promising aid and the other nations still non-committal.

Most American officials privately are disturbed about the President's interruption of the pipeline of food aid.

Indian officials have willingly gone along with countless U.S. reviews of their self-help program. But they are disturbed that the U.S. now hesitates to pledge uninterrupted support, which is needed if India is to plan her agriculture programs in an orderly manner.

In the final analysis, India today can be viewed from two perspectives.

An observer visiting India can be overwhelmed by the staggering poverty and primitiveness in a land of 488 million souls and 200 million sacred cows.

But an observer also can reflect that he is viewing a titanic struggle to meet the Twentieth Century by the world's largest democracy.

And this truly democratic country—whatever its many problems—stands at present as a bulwark against its next-door neighbor, Communist China.

—THE END

(Since this news story appeared, both Russia and the United States have released grain shipments to India. It will undoubtedly be several weeks, however, before the food arrives.)

Anyone Interested?

We have had a few mention the fact that they would like to go on another tour of India like the one in 1964. The political (and shooting) unrest seems to be over.

If interested, please contact ex-CBIer D. W. Keyes at Vincennes Travel Service, P.O. Box 745, Vincennes, Indiana 47591.

Please make suggestions on when you think it should go. For your information, the most advantageous excursion fare is from Oct. 1st to March 1st.

Keyes will answer all letters.

A Hunting Trip In Wartime India

(Editor's Note: The following is part of a long letter written home during World War II by a Roundup reader, who prefers to remain anonymous, telling about a hunting trip taken with two friends while he was serving in India. We believe it will bring back memories.)

Thursday evening upon completion of numerous duties including a meeting and O.D. duties, I started to pack. I got out everything I thought I would need, including my bedding roll which is pretty smelly after six months without being opened, clothes, mess gear, toilet articles, food, etc.; all went into the bedding roll. Since I was short of food I opened the first Christmas package which I had just received but had not intended to open until Christmas morning. Sure enough, it contained a can of boned chicken, a fruit cake, mints, and some other things I didn't take. I finished packing about 10:30 and then made the rounds as O.D. After that I visited a couple of kitchens hoping to obtain some contributions to my meager stock of rations; not very successful. Then as I was ready to crawl into bed the guard called me—well, I finally got to bed by 2:30 a.m.

The guard called me at 5:45 which would give me time to inspect the guard, grab a bite to eat, load my luggage, and pick up McCray and Kay. Since no other transport was available, we had to travel by rail as far as we could—from there to our destination we just didn't know. (This train trip would be my first except for the time we originally reached our destination in India).

As per schedule, we reached the station at 7 a.m. only to discover that the train wouldn't arrive until 8:30. We stacked our luggage in the cinders to wait out the train. Fortunately, I had stuck "Vanity Fair", which I am re-reading, into my pocket, so the train rolled in before I realized that we had waited very long. Since we didn't have tickets or reservations (no one ever buys either in this neck of the woods) we were fearful lest we would be unable to get a seat. As the train came to a halt, several of our enlisted men who had already gotten on at an earlier stop recognized us. One said that he had a seat; otherwise it would be impossible to, at a glance, locate a compartment with a vacant seat because when a train comes to a halt everyone sticks his head out of the window on the side next to the station. I am told one of the purposes besides rubbernecking is to give the impression the car

is already packed whether it is or not. G.I.'s, Chinese and Indians all indulge in this custom when riding on a train.

Thanks to the G.I. who called to us, we easily got aboard. This particular car was third class so we sat on wooden benches.

During the first hour we made pretty good time by traveling for about ten minutes then stopping for about five. But after an hour's journey we stopped and didn't move for two whole hours! Something must have happened but no one seemed to know just what. During this interval we were entertained by a couple of elephants and their mahout. Some of the G.I.s went over and, except for several backward steps when the elephants made a sudden move or trumpeted, finally worked their way up to the elephants. One G.I. even got on and others were trying to persuade the elephants to pick up an eight anna piece which is about the size of a quarter; after considerable difficulty the elephant succeeded. By that time this novelty had worn off, the elephants moved on and other things were attracting attention. Two G.I.s had built a small fire to heat their coffee; several others went over to the road for about 30 yards distant and tried their luck hitch-hiking; a couple others were experimenting with a slingshot; several were arguing with a native over the price of a pineapple. Finally after two hours the engine gave a toot and we were off. The fellows who had waited along the road had gotten a ride in an army vehicle.

After several stops we reached a station. Here some of the men in the car were joined by their buddies who had gone ahead and obtained some Indian whiskey. There was a terrifying disfigured crippled child, unless you had been in India long enough to get used to it, crying in a nasal tone, "baksheesh, sahib." There were several huge baskets filled with live chickens—one escaped and several Indians took off after it. On the other side of the car they were unloading a freight car; when the first box was dropped to the ground it fell apart. At this point we pulled out of the station.

Paul and Kiff started to worry about how we would get from the train to our destination, whether we were expected, etc.—I got too sleepy to even read so I slept for the next two hours; I believe that I did wake up once to eat a bar of candy.

The next thing I realized, we were

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

unloading our baggage. In spite of the fact that it was almost 3 and we had been traveling after a fashion since 8:30 we had only traveled a little over 60 miles. At any rate we had gotten as far as we expected by train. Now we were confronted with the problem of covering the rest of the distance and had no prospects in view. So Paul took off in search of some form of transportation; Kiff to see if there were any way to get in touch with our prospective hosts; I was left to guard the baggage. It wasn't long until Kay returned; his journey being unsuccessful. After waiting for about fifteen minutes, Kay decided to go out again and the second time he returned. Finally after about three quarters of an hour, Paul returned and as he approached his discouragement was apparent a block away.

At this point we had no prospects of moving and no place to spend the night, but to make a long story short, Paul went out again and this time he persuaded three Air Corps officers to load three of us with all our luggage into a jeep. I won't describe the ride, but a can of sardines had nothing on us; I couldn't have been more uncomfortable had I been standing on my head.

Finally after numerous inquiries, we arrived at the place we were supposed to go (at least we were told so) and since we had already taken the fellows out of their way, we unloaded our baggage at the entrance of the place. Besides, we didn't want to drive in with all our luggage until we found whether we were welcome—we had no idea what kind, if any, welcome awaited us.

Again I was left to guard the baggage and before long I had an audience of eight children ranging from three to twelve. I had scarcely resumed "Vanity Fair" when Paul and Kiff returned with several natives. We had gotten off at the wrong place and Collins' place was about a mile and a half away. It would be difficult for me to describe their experience discovering that we had stopped at the wrong place but according to them the agony, despair, and discouragement were as great as any ever before experienced. At this lovely home there wasn't a soul except the numerous Indian servants, all of whom couldn't understand English. Since Kiff and Paul and I were at the wrong home it is only natural that we were not expected. At any rate an interpreter was finally found who told us the sad news, so we left our baggage in their care and started to walk to the other place. After about half a mile thru the tea garden, a civilian came along in a Chevrolet, picked us up and delivered us to the place we were still skeptical of the reception. Low and

behold! no one was home except the children and servants and as far as they knew we were not expected. Well we sat and waited until Mr. and Mrs. Collins returned. At this point of uncertainty I was beginning to lose my calmness so I spent an anxious hour with Paul and Kiff awaiting the return of our "hosts."

At last they arrived. No, they weren't expecting us, but with cordial hospitality we soon felt at home and realized that everything would work out.

We had no more than gotten seated when it was announced that the local shikari had killed a wild boar which we immediately went out to look at, only to discover that all he had brought was a ham because the animal was so big. This same shikari, Indian word for hunter, was to be our guide for the next two days.

It was decided that we had best spend the night there and start out the next morning. I must say that at first I felt a bit awkward being in a private home, eating with nice china and silver, so after a good supper, a pleasant and informative evening, a good night's sleep and a good breakfast, we with all our baggage were loaded on a lorry (truck) and started a five mile drive to the point where we would transfer to our boat and pick up our guide. As we traveled across country we saw in a field what first looked like deer, but on closer observation turned out to be adjutant storks. Can you imagine such a mistake?—I started to mention the name of the river but thought the censor might see harm in it—however, this being the dry season the river was so low so the water was between 20 and 30 feet below the level of the bank. There were Indian coolies to handle our luggage so all we did was hold on to our guns as the baggage was loaded into the dugout. This one was much larger than any that I had ever seen before being about 40 feet long, three feet deep and about three feet wide (not bad for a solid log which had been hollowed out by hand!) The boat was powered by a good sized outboard engine with a boatman thrown in to boot; he was a darn husky Indian. As I waited for the "shikari" (and our guide) to make his appearance, we got to looking over the gun I was holding in my hand; the others had been loaded into the dugout. Just as Kiff got it stuck two damn geese flew over our heads; before we could get it into action the geese were gone! I know the natives were quite disgusted and I can't say that I blame them.

Soon we were on our way and as we raced down the river at a right brisk clip, Kay, who was in the front, spotted

two ducks on the beach, so we went in close and as we passed, he fired but the rocking boat threw him off—at least we will give him the benefit of the doubt because we were to later learn all of us needed the benefit of the doubt. As we came out into the channel, we met three large barges which were hooked abreast coming up the river and except for that everything was free of any sign of civilization. Several times Kiff and Paul fired as we went down river, but we didn't get anything until we had turned up a much smaller river and before we had gone far we ran up on two geese which we bagged—I hit one and Kiff the other. At least we called these overgrown ducks "geese"—they had a reddish brown body, black wing feathers with the front of the wings white as well as the head. I must say they were very pretty and we were proud of our kill. Gradually this slow moving river got more and more shallow and even though the dugout didn't draw more than 18" of water the guide and boatman sometimes had to pole. We also had the shikari's brother with us; he was the only one of the three who understood any English at all and that wasn't very damn much.

Pretty soon we saw snipe along the water's edge which was steadily getting closer to us on both sides. Several shots were taken at the snipe but none fell.

To further complicate our navigation we had to start weaving our way past logs that were being floated down stream; most of them loose but once or twice a small raft with a tiny shack on top with several Indians. Just as we had almost decided that it would not be possible to go further, even though our destination was still several miles away, we came up on several elephants which were wading back and forth pushing free stranded logs. The elephants were bringing up the rear of the log procession, so we continued our way up stream. Just as I thought we couldn't possibly go further, we came to a point where two streams met to make the one we were coming up, not only did we keep on going, but darned if we didn't take the smaller of the two. Now we almost had to push the branches from the overhanging trees out of our faces. Soon we passed a few huts raised about six feet from the ground and on heavy posts and since our guide was a bit uncertain, we picked up one of the natives to guide our guide. After about ten miles even poling wouldn't take us further so at the next open space we got out. This was about 2:30 p.m. when we took off on foot towards the place where we were supposed to hunt which they said was two miles distant. We passed one group of native

huts with nothing more exciting than a lot of jabbering between our guides and them; I was surprised to see gardens in such a remote and primitive area. At this time of the day I was a bit reluctant to leave our bedding and food especially after we walked several miles and had not eaten any lunch.

At the second group of huts an old man hobbled out and he knew an English word or two. "Sick" is the one he used most. Apparently he had wrenched his knee several days before; at least that was what Paul thought when he felt it. After we left the second village, the interpreter told us that these people said they hoped we would kill the wild pigs that were bothering them—(in all the stories I read it is a tiger, but we didn't draw anything so spectacular!)

As we walked we seemed to be gradually leaving the jungle and going into marsh land—only it was still fairly dry—where there were open spaces with a chance native hut and water buffaloes grazing; then, there were still clumps of jungle and other clumps of a huge jungle grass which was at least thirty-five feet high.

I started glancing at my watch because I knew that we would scarcely have time to make it back to the dugout before dark and we still had to pitch our tent which our cordial hosts had sent along with boat, boatman, guide, etc., and make camp. Finally we reached a point where the ducks were supposed to be but we didn't see but about fifteen and we couldn't get within range of them; I guess it was too early in the season for the skies to be black with ducks as we were told they would be. Needless to say, I was pretty tired, so I didn't miss any opportunities to sit down and rest and neither did Paul and Kiff. At last we started back, but apparently I had gotten my "second wind" for I didn't mind the race to reach the boat before darkness. On the way back to the boat, the guide we had recently picked up to guide our guide asked us (through sign language) to shoot one of the adjutant storks standing around. But after one shot it was impossible to get within range. Hurriedly we pushed back to the point where we had left the boat and though we were almost completely exhausted, we realized that we would have to make camp. You can imagine our pleasant surprise when a tent and fire greeted our weary eyes. The boatman we had left behind had made camp. He had even cut some grass and covered it with some canvas which would be our bed for the night.

I went in search of poles on which we could suspend our mosquito bars. Kiff started to pick the geese which we

planned to cook for supper, and Paul changed his shoes and started another fire for us to cook over. It soon became evident that it would be difficult to get a good fire with the wood available, so we cut off the breasts and gave the rest of the carcasses to the boatman, guide, and his brother. Before long, we were chewing on the rather tough but delicious meat that Paul had cooked in a mess kit. Because we had used most of our water, we drank a couple cans of fruit juice and then used the cans to boil water.

Just as we were finishing supper in the darkness, the guide's brother made us understand that the guide wanted to go hunting with some of the natives who had come from a nearby village. In spite of the fatigue of an hour earlier, I couldn't resist the temptation and said I would go along. So back we went to the village we had passed earlier in the day; here we picked up another native and off we went primarily for deer but with the possibility of wild boar or leopard. There were only two guns—my shotgun with buckshot and one ball that Kiff had given me to use in case of emergency, and the shotgun of the guide who also had buckshot. As we neared the edge of the jungle they stopped and an old rusty can with one end gone and the other almost rusted away was produced; inside was a small can of oil and a wick sticking out of it—the wick was lit and it gave out a very faint light; the open end was pointed along the edge of the jungle. I don't know why because it wasn't bright enough to reflect in the eyes of any animal that might be there. At any rate this was blown out and off we went in the foggy, mushy, moonlight night. I am afraid that I made a heck of a lot more noise than the barefoot Indians as we walked along the edge of the jungle. To make a long story short, we walked for about two hours and arrived back at camp without seeing a darn thing. I crawled between my blankets and fell asleep.

I forgot to mention that as we returned to camp the afternoon before we were able to purchase three eggs in a small village. We planned to eat these with bacon for breakfast, but in the process of breaking them into the pan one fell in the dirt, so we only had two between the three of us. Still even a portion of an egg tasted good since it was the first that I had had in months.

After breakfast we decided to pack and go back to the big river where we thought we might have better luck. Kiff and I didn't intend to shave until the following morning when we were sched-

uled to start back but Paul did so we decided that we had better do the same. As a matter of fact, both Kiff and I thought that it was Saturday and continued to do so until afternoon when Paul said we had better keep moving if we expected to keep our two o'clock appointment. Now I am getting ahead of my story of our morning's trip down the small river. Even though two of us thought that it was Saturday instead of Sunday as we floated downstream, we did see some unusual sights and experienced some unusual sensations.

Before we had silently glided downstream very far, we came up on a jungle chicken which looked like a Rhode Island Red domestic chicken. Since I was in the front of the dugout, I shot first but all I had were some feathers that I knocked out. All of this time I was hoping against hope that we would surprise bigger game that might be along the stream's edge.

A little later we heard noise that the guide indicated was deer. So the shikari and Kiff slipped off into the jungle hoping to glimpse the deer, but no luck. Further downstream, we ran into some snipe and were able to bag a few. We also got a couple of doves and later as we went up the river to the point where we started from we bagged two more geese. The geese that we had gotten, two of which we had already eaten, we learned later in the afternoon from Mr. Collins were not considered edible. Still they tasted pretty good to us the night before.

And so we returned to the point where we boarded the dugout the day before. Here we were met by the Collins who had our baggage loaded into a lorry and sent it off to the station where we would take the train, and the Collins took us on up river to the station by boat.

Honey, will you forgive me? I gave them the fruit cake that I had gotten from your Christmas package. I felt so darn grateful to them for such a pleasant weekend that I didn't think you would mind my using that as a token of gratitude to Mrs. Collins. It was so darn nice of them to take in wandering hunters and treat them like visiting royalty.

After stopping to see a grounded river steamer, we reached the point where we took the train. Even though we said that we weren't hungry when the Collins invited us to have tea we were almost starved; breakfast early that morning was the last that we had eaten. So, no sooner had we gotten on the train than we laid out our food and among other choice bits I was able to contribute a can of boned chicken that you sent me and a can of shrimp that mother had sent. We also had canned date nut bread

A Hunting Trip in Wartime India

which was delicious. When the M.P. looked in at us as we sat there eating, he asked if we had guns or ammunition. I guess he had orders to take any because there had been considerable shooting out of the windows but he left us alone.

And so we returned three happy hunters even though we had gotten very little game.

I must admit that today I developed a sore throat which I am afraid I must attribute to the trip, but it was worth it.

—THE END

Kashmir Merchant Believes in Advertising

The Worst? Don't You Believe It!

By JOE A. McGOWAN JR.
The Associated Press

SRINAGAR, Kashmir—Bouncing along in a horse-drawn tonga, the visitor notes the signs on the tiny stalls—Abdul Aziz, the carpet seller; Samad Shah, the houseboat agent; Ramsana Dubloo, sightseeing and hunting trips.

Then, a clearing and a three-story building emblazoned with a sign which momentarily stuns the tourist. It says "Subhana the Worst, Departmental Store."

It's a trap and you know it, but it works. At the front door stand three men. Is it your imagination or are they really rubbing their hands with gusto? Instinctively you give your wallet a comforting pat.

One member of the three-man welcoming committee identifies himself as M. Subhana Kachroo, five generations descended from the Subhana who started the store in 1840.

"Welcome," says Subhana. "We advertise ourselves as 'the worst' but before you leave here today, you will agree that we are 'the best.'"

He kicks off his shoes and ducks under a curtain across the front door, pulling you with him. He leads you across a red carpet to an overstuffed couch.

"You will join me for tea, won't you?" he pleads.

While you wait, Subhana explains:

"Throughout the years, Kashmir Valley had been a quiet Summer retreat for a limited number of vacationers. Then during World War II, many soldiers, mostly Americans, came to Kashmir. They had plenty of money. They liked Kashmiri handiwork.

"Soon everybody wanted to become an art merchant, carpet merchant, wood-carving merchant or what have you. Even peddlers and boatmen opened shops. They were all 'the best.' An Eng-

lish friend of my father then suggested to him that he should become 'the worst.'

Subhana (the fifth) said his father's experiment worked. Today, Subhana employs 460, most of whom work in small factories or in homes, doing embroidery work, woodwork, weaving, wood carving and furniture making.

During the long Winter when Srinagar is isolated by heavy snow, Subhana's workers build up stock for the next season.

The tea and cookies are out of the way and now it is time for business.

Subhana squats on the floor in front of his customer. Barefoot clerks spread a large sheet on the carpet. At Subhana's command they begin bringing articles from the floor-to-ceiling shelves and the showcases which ring the room.

There is a woman's wool evening jacket.

"This took one person nine months to embroider," Subhana says. The price: 450 rupees (\$94).

Then a shawl called shahtoos. Subhana says it is woven from the soft breast of a mountain sheep. This is light as a feather but one of the warmest materials made, Subhana says. Furthermore it has been impossible to obtain since the Communist Chinese overran the Tibetan mountains where the sheep live. The price of the shawl—7,000 rupees (\$1,470).

A clerk brings an exquisitely embroidered tablecloth which costs 1,500 rupees (\$315). Subhana says it took 2 years to make. The embroidery work is so fine that a worker can sew for no more than an hour at a time without giving his eyes a rest.

"Many of my customers spend two or three days here," Subhana says proudly.

Whether Subhana is "the worst" or "the best" could be argued, but Subhana is unquestionably "the most."

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

BOOK REVIEWS



CONTEMPORARY CHINA. Edited by Ruth Adams. Pantheon Books, New York, N.Y. October, 1966. \$5.95.

Original studies of today's mainland China by recent visitors and some of the world's best-known China experts—including Han Suyin, Jan Myrdal and C. P. Fitzgerald. Based on the University of Chicago symposium held earlier this year.

THE CRUEL COAST. By William Gage. New American Library, New York, N.Y. October 1966 \$5.50.

An action and suspense novel about a German submarine in World War II. Rammed by an Allied ship, off Ireland, the submarine limps to an Irish island for repairs. There are only 19 people on the island; all but one of them are friendly Irish people who hate the English and at first are ready to help the U-boat men. The one antagonist is a beautiful girl whose actions spell trouble for the Germans.

THE CAPTAIN. By Jan de Hartog. Atheneum Publishers, New York, N.Y. November, 1966. \$5.95.

A story of the sea in the realistic tradition, in which a hardboiled Dutch captain of an oceangoing tug fights his way through two searing voyages to Murmansk on the Arctic convoy run in World War II. He disciplines and unifies a green crew, conducts a private feud with the mean little British officer in charge of the convoys, navigates his ship through sea and air attacks and tries to cope with an officer who freezes with fear during the first enemy action. The story of a very dirty, savage, cruel part of the war.

CHINA. By Emil Schulthess with additional texts by Emil Egli, Edgar Snow and Harry Hamm. The Viking Press, New York, N.Y. October, 1966. \$25.00.

"Old China hands" may not agree with everything that is written, but they will certainly enjoy spending some time with this book in which a world-famous photographer and his co-authors take us behind the invisible wall that surrounds this gigantic land to show glimpses of the China of today. Schulthess, with the help of Dr. Hans Keller, the Swiss am-

bassador to Peking, was permitted to visit China in 1964 and again in 1965. From these two journeys he has brought back a fabulous record in which his unique pictures are accompanied by an interesting account of his experiences and many significant facts and observations about conditions in China. Among the places he visited which are well-known to CBLers are Kweilin, Yangsuo, Shaoshan, Changsha, Wuhan, Ichang, Chungking, Sian, Loyang, Chengchow, Peking, Hangchow, Shanghai and Soochow. Among these extraordinary pictures, many of them in color, readers who served in China will find both familiar sights and evidence of change.

A HISTORY OF INDIA: Vol. I. By Romila Thapar. Pelican Original (Penguin). November, 1966. Paperback, \$1.75.

This volume covers the history of the subcontinent from about 1000 B.C., with the beginnings of Aryan culture, to the middle of the 16th century and the arrival of European traders. Until recently, Indian history has usually consisted of collections of dynastic and political history, along with myth, mysticism and classic Sanskrit writings. In this case the author uses modern historical methods, along with recent findings in archaeology, to give a rounded picture of all aspects of Indian life before the arrival of Western Europeans. Vol. II in the series, by Percival Spear, deals with Indian history from the 16th century to Nehru.

REPORTER IN RED CHINA. By Charles Taylor. Random House, Inc., New York, N.Y. November, 1966. \$4.95.

The author, a correspondent for a Toronto newspaper, spent 18 months (May 1964 to October 1965) in Communist China as the only North American in a group of 30 foreign newspaper men. Taylor examines political and economic trends in China and the lighter side of life as well, especially in the theater. He points out that revisionism is the greatest fear of the Communist leaders, and that backsliding into old bourgeois ways has probably been one of the factors that led to the forming of the Red Guard.

THE SHADOW OF SUNRISE: Selected Stories of Japan and the War. Kodansha International USA, Palo Alto, Calif. September, 1966. \$4.50.

Five short stories, all concerned with the end or aftermath of World War II, provide an insight into Japanese thought and feelings of that period. Original woodcuts by Masakazu Kuwata.

What Indians Are Talking About

A Silent Killer

BOMBAY, India—Some days ago 20 police officers and 200 constables were quietly withdrawn from their regular beats and assigned to a top priority job.

Police headquarters is tight-lipped but everyone knows what the job is. It is to track down a man who kills people in their sleep, silently, efficiently and brutally.

Bombay's columnists call him "India's Jack the Ripper."

This man is said to prefer for his killings citizens who are homeless and who sleep on the pavements. And among them he likes to kill sadhus (holy men) and women.

Four men and one woman have so far died at his hands. The modus operandi appears to be the same—a sudden knife thrust in the back or in the chest while the victim is fast asleep on the sidewalk.

More than 50,000 citizens sleep on Bombay's pavements. A familiar and rather embarrassing sight as one drives from Santa Cruz Airport to the big hotels in the south of the metropolis is that of people sleeping under white sheets on the pavements.

But until the killer came on the scene they did not seem to mind the discomfort. Mostly out of town immigrants, they do not have to pay any rents.

One pavement-dweller told Mayor Madhavan recently that sleeping under the spacious portico of a Hornby road building or on a corridor of the Victoria Terminus railway station is certainly not half as bad as sleeping in a stuffy, hole-like tenement in Lal Baug.

But now even this solace has been denied to these hapless "children of the stars and the skies," as one columnist calls the pavement people.

Death haunts Bombay's pavements. Until the killer is tracked down, the pavement-dwellers have decided to organize their own nocturnal vigils.

"We may not have the money to form co-operative housing societies but we have enough organization to form co-operative sleeping societies," said one citizen.

The terror of "Jack the Ripper" has also highlighted another peril to pavement-dwellers.

A dozen pavement-sleepers have been killed by motorists in the past six months. One truck ran over a curb and crushed a mother and her two children to death.

Mayor Madhavan is anxious to do

something to allay their anxiety. But the city's homeless are skeptical since every successive mayor has said much the same thing. This time, the pavement-dwellers plan a morcha (peaceful parade) to dramatize their plight.

—Rukmini Devi

* * *

Death in the Gutters

BOMBAY, India—Often, a tragedy is needed to shock officialdom into action.

For years Bombay's suburban residents have been clamoring for a proper drainage system. Nothing happened. Petitions and letters directed at the Municipal Corporation were duly "filed."

When suburban leaders sent reminders, they were told that "the matter is still under consideration."

One evening, a few days ago, three-year-old Vimla, daughter of a suburban resident, did not return home from her play. Her father, Premji Ganda, organized a search with the help of neighbors.

After many hours, Vilma's body was found in a gutter. While playing, she had fallen into the open hole and was drowned.

Ganda took his child's body to Municipal Commissioner Sukhtankar's residence. Hundreds of people followed him.

Freedom Party boss Madhu Mehta and other Opposition politicians described Vimla's death as "a blot on Bombay's civic administration."

The matter has become a major public issue. Ganda himself does not seem to like all the publicity being given to his family's bereavement. A true Hindu, he values "the privacy of grief."

But Bombay's Opposition parties are out to make Vimla the symbol of their campaign for what Mehta calls "a decent, conscientious civic administration befitting India's greatest metropolis."

In the past few months four children have been drowned in open gutters which are common in the city's suburbs. The Bombay Coroner held the Corporation guilty of negligence in one case.

The Commissioner says that a closed drainage system is not possible in some of the suburbs because of the lie of the land. While this has generated a debate among engineers, the Commissioner is being asked by suburbanites why open gutters cannot be "supervised" regularly.

Some people think that the Commissioner is being unfairly blamed. They ask why parents should not themselves

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

ensure that their children do not play near gutters.

Suburbanites feel that they are getting a raw deal merely because they live in the "forgotten suburbs."

Sensing Commissioner Sukhtankar's embarrassment, residents of other "neglected backyards," to use one favorite editorial phrase, are also adopting shock tactics to goad officials' conscience.

The other day the roads leading to Municipal Buildings stank to high heavens. Reason: slum dwellers from Prabhat Colony took cartloads of filth to the Municipality to bolster their complaint against inefficient scavenging.

The result was that within hours Prabhat Colony was cleaned up thoroughly. The Commissioner sent truckloads of sweepers to the area.

—Rukmini Devi

Female Revolution

RAWALPINDI—In Lahore, at one of the best universities in the Orient, girl students leave their classrooms, pick up their books on chemistry or modern literature—and pull their thick black veils over their faces.

In the Pakistan capital of Rawalpindi some people in the government are worried that the new capital being built in Islamabad won't look Islamic enough.

Proud of their national progress yet politically bound hand and foot to their religion—the state came into being for India's Moslems—Pakistan has her share of problems.

One that affects most of the people is what to do about women. Even the most liberal interpretation of the Koran does not allow equality of the sexes, but a slow, quiet revolution is going on among the female population and while the "burka" veil is still worn by almost all women, it has become more of a gesture to Islam than anything else.

Before Pakistan became a nation, women played their traditional passive role in Moslem society. They weren't allowed to take a job, get an education, worship in the mosques, see their husbands before marriage or be seen by any man outside the family.

Nowadays marriages are still arranged but usually boy and girl meet beforehand and can decide for themselves, although the tradition of going along with the family's wishes is still very strong.

In the enthusiasm for progress, girls were at last allowed to go to school and for the first time since the Moslem Moghuls, came, saw and conquered the Indian subcontinent, women could work outside their homes. At first shy, then

confident, girls applied for jobs as airline hostesses and receptionists.

Suddenly men found themselves talking to female secretaries in government offices and women could consult a lady doctor. When the Pan Am managed Karachi Intercontinental Hotel opened in May of 1964, a hundred women were hired and for the first time Pakistan had chamber-maids.

Rawalpindi and the other cities in the green north are more cautious about giving women more freedom. A lot of the women prefer the old ways which are at least secure. They argue that under Islam a wife is guaranteed a good settlement if she is divorced. They also fear that the kind of power they exercise from behind the "burka" might be lost as soon as men can deal openly with women in everyday life.

The process of emancipation however is irresistible. When traveling by train, the women still confine themselves to the ladies' compartment, but they take off the heavy "burka," nurse their babies and call to their husbands to bring tea and food when they want it. The husbands are not showing much spirit in fighting back. In fact they seem as fascinated as anyone else to see the faces behind the veils.

It's naturally the younger generation that favors the change. Equally predictably some of their elders are concerned about the liberalization and secularization of today's schooling.

In a recent symposium one teacher voiced concern about the lack of an Islamic bias and blamed parents for not encouraging the study of Persian and Arabic. The plea was as old as Islam, with one difference—the teacher was a woman and she wasn't wearing a "burka."

—Shann Davies

—THE END

China-Burma-India

Lapel Pins

Price Only **\$1⁰⁰** Each

Ex-CBI Roundup

Exodus of Talent From Countryside

By DR. K. N. KATJU

From The Statesman

It is common saying that India lives in its villages. It has been living so for thousands of years. Even though conditions have changed enormously and, with the tremendous growth of population, urban areas have greatly developed, the old situation still persists; India still continues to live in its villages. About 82% of our people live in rural areas.

In the olden days much of our rural land was owned by zamindars. They were of all degrees some exceedingly rich almost like independent chieftains with vast estates; others with only moderate holdings. Many more were petty land-owners but almost all of them lived in their own often ancestral homes. Some cultivated land themselves, others acted as intermediaries and let out their land for cultivation to local peasants. Everywhere there were rules to regulate the rights and responsibilities of these cultivators.

In those days all villages had an economic, cultural and spiritual life of their own. The bigger landowners might have had their private homes and residences in the neighbouring cities and towns also, but the villages themselves were the real homes of all zamindars. Education was not widespread; the cultivating classes were uneducated, and education was limited almost to these zamindari families who manned almost all public services.

Living conditions in rural areas were undoubtedly difficult. There was no question of rural electrification, nor was there any established system of public lighting. Transport and communication posed problems. Indeed, many villages were almost cut off from the world at large during the rainy season. Yet people carried on population had not reached unmanageable limits. Agricultural production proved sufficient for local needs and there were minor rural and cottage industries to sustain the village economy.

Cities and towns no doubt flourished throughout the countryside, but they did not play any very significant part in our national life because of the prevailing agricultural economy. The people's few extra needs were met by visits to weekly fairs and occasional trips to nearby towns.

With the advent of British rule in India came also a revolution in our com-

munity life. Our British rulers did their utmost consciously or unconsciously, to develop urban India. Schools and colleges of all kinds were established. So were hospitals and dispensaries. District headquarters were made the centres of the local administration and a new hierarchy of officers and subordinate staff was gradually born. The result was that district headquarters and other towns began to occupy an important place in the community life of the people. They became the centres of the executive and also of the administration of justice. The result was an exodus of important people from villages to towns.

Then came a social revolution in the shape of the abolition of the zamindari system. Zamindars as intermediaries were almost entirely done away with and cultivators of land who were intended to be the beneficiaries of the system have now become land-owners en masse. The erstwhile zamindars with no place left to them in the rural life of the day, have almost all of them left their village homes and taken up residence in towns where they have found jobs and now form part of the new middle class.

This change in the rural economy is no doubt accompanied by a vast spread of education in rural areas. Primary schools are now scattered over almost the entire countryside; higher educational institutions like middle schools, higher secondary schools and even colleges are springing up everywhere. Rural parents as well as their sons are keen on higher education but, unfortunately, this welcome development is accompanied by rather an unwelcome feature. A village boy even if he passed a middle school examination leave alone a higher qualification, is unwilling nowadays to go back and live his life in his village home. He becomes most anxious to move to the nearest town and seek a job there. This situation is particularly noticeable in U.P. and M.P. and it is causing great harm to the community life of the village.

The Government is everywhere doing its utmost to develop the countryside. Roads and transport are being improved everywhere; villages are no longer inaccessible; communication has become fairly easy; rural electrification is spreading; and facilities are being provided for better cultivation and also for the establishment of minor cottage industries.

Life in our villages is becoming more attractive, but the attractions of town

life still dominate people's minds. Even village school masters who are supposed to be present for all the 24 hours in their villages try to find houses in neighboring towns or in bigger villages so that they can just travel to their own schools for a six or seven-hour day. Hundreds of rural dispensaries remain without doctors because physicians in Government service are unwilling to take charge of institutions in rural areas.

There is talk everywhere these days of development of the country, particularly of rural India, in a variety of ways and through the use of modern technical processes. Funds are available and so is machinery. Legislation on the establishment of Panchayati Raj has been widely enacted; rural areas have been divided into community development areas. Panchayats have also been established in many villages. But there is a tendency not to give much thought to the real difficulty that now exists that is, the absence of qualified personnel in each village to regulate rural life in every aspect of production and distribution and also

for the conduct of the local self-governing administrative machinery.

Attempts to induce our trained and qualified youth to run large farms according to modern improved agricultural methods have completely failed even though all kinds of assistance, financial and other, have been offered to them.

But I think it is essential for the progress of our country that trained and qualified men should settle down in rural areas and spend their time in economic activities, agricultural as well as industrial. The absence of social life in a village can only be countered if a large number of people take up their residence in these rural areas. The experience and wisdom of retired Government servants would be particularly useful in this direction. They too should settle down in their ancestral villages to give the necessary guidance to local people. With the advent of such modern facilities as buses and cars and other means of transport, village life has ceased to be as isolated as it was in the past.

—THE END

Even Tailor Turns on Chinese Novelist

Akron, Ohio, Beacon-Journal

HONG KONG—No man, they say, is a hero to his valet, but few men are deep-dyed villains to their tailors.

Such is the awful fate of Ouyang Shan, long the chief literary man of Southern China, who is today undergoing rapid transformation into a non-person.

The sins of the portly, middle-aged novelist have been trumpeted to the skies of his native Kwangtung Province. He has been denounced in tumultuous mass meetings for his crimes against the canonical thought of Mao Tse-tung and his insistence upon writing as he himself—rather than the Communist party—pleased.

But the unkindest cut of all has just been administered by the master tailors of the Canton garment shop, where Ouyang Shan had his clothes made for 17 years. Not content with their usual pin-pricking of the customer's ego by the discovery of his gross physical imperfections, the tailors have proclaimed that they "long ago detected that he had become a bourgeois aristocrat" and no true proletarian.

The tailors had a hard time. They complained he actually asked that his clothes be altered "by nothing more than narrowing by two centimeters" and added: "An overcoat which is too loose or

too tight by one or two centimeters should be no problem. But he was so particular!"

If such needling is all too familiar, the tailors' further complaint is unique. They complained that Ou-yang Shan insisted upon ordering clothes which were too expensive.

"Will he," they asked, "want to go to the countryside" to learn from the peasants in such getups?

Ou-yang Shan's real crime was not his meticulous taste in clothing, though that predilection contributed to his downfall in the fantastically puritanical realm which is Communist China. It was not even his penchant for giving elaborate banquets—one, upon an official occasion, for almost 300 persons.

Ou-yang Shan's real crime was his insistence upon writing about people who were real to him, rather than the idolized workers, peasants, and soldiers who are considered the only fit subject for fiction in Communist China today.

His own son, a high school student named Ou-yang Yenhsing, mounted the platform at a mass meeting to demand: "Thoroughly indict the crimes of the anti-party element Ou-yang Shan!"

The boy changed his name to Hsiang Tung-shen for the occasion—and forever.

—THE END

The Other Side of Sun Yat-Sen

Reprinted from Maryknoll

Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the George Washington of modern China, whose one-hundredth anniversary of birth is celebrated this month, derived his revolutionary motivation from Christianity. This is the theme of a large exhibit on the life of Dr. Sun at the Catholic Centre in Miaoli, central Taiwan. Maryknoll Father Edwin J. McCabe, director of the Centre, commissioned a local Chinese artist to prepare thirteen large murals depicting his life and highlighting the Christian influence which molded the leader's ideology.

Sun Yat-sen was born November 12, 1866 in the village of Tsuiheng, halfway between Canton and Portuguese Macao. This was in southern Kwangtung province, the traditional breeding ground for revolutionaries in China, and a fitting birthplace for the future leader of the 1911 revolt which overthrew the Manchu dynasty and instituted a republican form of government.

Sent to Hawaii at the age of 12 to work in his older brother's store, Sun came into his first contact with Western culture and Christianity. He attended a Christian "Bishop's School" and was tremendously impressed by the numbers of people attending church on Sundays. Father McCabe's research indicates that when young Sun expressed a desire to become a Christian himself his brother sent the young student back to China.

Sun Yat-sen's stay in his home village was short. His revolutionary ideas along social, political and religious lines and his demonstrations against traditional superstitions resulted in his expulsion by the village fathers. The young revolutionary spent a year in the Canton medical school and then registered in Queen's College in Hong Kong. During this time he was constantly comparing Chinese and Western life and the ignominious defeats suffered by China at the hands of the Western nations. These meditations confirmed him in his anti-Manchu sentiments. It was at this time in Hong Kong that Sun Yat-sen was baptized a Christian by an American missionary, the Charles Hager, in a church on Hollywood Road.

At the Hong Kong College of Medicine young Sun met the man who was later to save his life—Doctor James Cantile. Dr. Sun graduated from medical school with an academic average that was to remain the school's highest for the next twenty-five years. He began the practice of medicine in Macao in 1892, but soon

discontinued it both for lack of a Portuguese license and his preoccupation with revolutionary ideas. It is Father McCabe's opinion that Sun Yat-sen had intended to become a Christian minister and studied medicine only because Hong Kong lacked a theological school.

In 1896 Dr. Sun was engaged in organizing the Elder Brother Society, a secret anti-Manchu organization in southern China, Hawaii, the United States and England. In London Sun was kidnapped by agents of the Manchu government and held in their legation for shipment back to China and probable execution as a revolutionary. With the aid of an English servant he got word of Dr. Cantile and through the intervention of Lord Salisbury was released.

In his attempts to overthrow the despotic Manchus Sun Yat-sen and his followers suffered nine catastrophic defeats—enough to discourage any revolutionary who was not driven on by a messianic zeal or the Christian commitment to save his country. In a conclusive battle at Wu-Chang the fading military might of the Manchus crumbled and a definitive victory was won by the revolutionaries on October 10, 1911. This tenth day of the tenth month, commonly referred to as the "double ten", is celebrated as Independence Day by the free Chinese. Sun Yat-sen, the idealistic revolutionary, had won the day and was named first president of the Republic of China.

Strangely enough, Sun Yat-sen is acclaimed as the great hero of modern China and Father of the Nation by both the Nationalist Chinese and by the Chinese Communists. The Communists, however, would hardly admit to the statement attributed to Dr. Sun on his deathbed and recorded in the final mural in the Sun Yat-sen exhibit at the Catholic Centre. The great revolutionary is pictured lying in bed surrounded by close associates and a scribe who recorded his final will and testament to modern China. In it, Sun Yat-sen said: "I am a Christian and have received from God a message. I want all to know that I was a Christian."

—THE END

Be Sure to Notify Roundup

When You Change Your Address.



*News dispatches from recent issues
of The Calcutta Statesman*

NEW DELHI—Soil erosion by the Brahmaputra, Assam's river of sorrow, has resulted in an average loss of 25,000 acres to Assam every year since 1954. Instability caused by excessive silt, a large volume of runoff and silt sand content of the banks are the main causes of the erosion. It has been suggested dredging in specified areas and clay grouting of the banks may be helpful. Long-term measures recommended are for storage reservoirs, detention basins, soil conservation measures and flood discharge.

CALCUTTA—About 850 people were killed on the Eastern Railway last year while crossing the track, according to a report made by the general manager of the railway.

NEW DELHI—India's net national income at the end of the Third Plan period showed an increase since the beginning of the Plan. The per capita income remained more or less static over a five-year period.

PATNA—The Bihar Government has decided to raise the cast dole to the poor from Rs 1 per person per week to Rs 2. This is in addition to gratuitous relief at the rate of six chattaacks of foodgrains per adult and three chattaacks to each child below nine years of age per day. The cash dole is meant for buying salt, kerosene, matches and other small but essential needs. The criteria for gratuitous relief and cash dole are physical disabilities preventing the individual from being gainfully employed and include the crippled and the blind, attendants of infants in homes, starving wanderers and the mentally deficient and lunatics. The list also includes women who by custom are unable to appear in public and are in danger of starving to death.

MADRAS—The State Government recently received a request from an association of milkmen in Madras city for permission to add water to milk. The reason for the request was that the maintenance of cows had become costly. The request was rejected.

GAYA—A hungry mob of about 300, including women, forcibly harvested and looted the standing paddy crop in about four bighas in Bhadeit Village, about six miles from here, in broad daylight recently. When some farmers protested, the

mob attacked them, killing one on the spot and injuring four others. Police rushed to the village and brought the situation under control.

NEW DELHI—A new type of paddy, part of a program of agricultural development, has been declared successful after its first season.

PATNA—Pope Paul has donated Rs 1 lakh for relief to the drought and famine-stricken people of Bihar. Oxfam, a British relief organization, has also remitted about the same amount. The money is proposed to be spent on providing irrigational facilities and seeds to farmers. Part of it will also be used to provide food for the hungry.

CALCUTTA—The luckiest man in Calcutta recently was Mr. R. N. Javeri, of Trivoli Park, Lower Circular Road, who won Mother Teresa's Raffle for the Ford Lincoln limousine donated to her by the Pope. The raffle was drawn at Raj Bhavan in aid of a project very close to Mother Teresa's heart, a self-supporting town for lepers near Asansol. The car, worth about Rs 70,000 in the USA, would cost Rs 2 lakhs or more in India. The raffle met with remarkable success, collecting Rs 4,60,370 from people all over India.

NEW DELHI—A biography of Mr. Lal Bahadur Shastri is to be brought out in all Indian languages. The national committee of the Lal Bahadur Shastri National Memorial Trust, which has sponsored the scheme, will be approaching "some good writers" for writing the biography.

DARJEELING—Two Tibetan refugees, who arrived in Bhutan this year, speak of continued Chinese oppression of the Tibetan people, poor food and inadequate rations, and the Chinese preoccupation with military buildup in Tibet. Their statements, sent to a Tibetan daily here, give an inkling of the extent of Chinese pride and propaganda about their so-called military invincibility and about Han superiority to which there seems to be an undercurrent of resentment and resistance among the Tibetans. It seems apparent from their statements that each village has its cell of counter-espionage activities and its village resistance cadre.

SRINAGAR—Nearly 200 ponies which had been accompanying pilgrims to Amarnath died en route to the holy cave. According to preliminary investigation, the ponies appear to have died after having eaten poisonous herbs. Such herbs grow in the Sheshnag area, about 16 miles from Pahalgam, along with grass. The Kashmir Government is understood to have assured pony owners of some compensation for the loss.

Commander's Message

by

Joseph T. Nivert

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.



Dear CBI Friends:

You better believe that the year 1966 is now history. It was another great year for CBIVA and we will strive to make 1967 even better. Without a doubt, many of us will experience sadness and other miseries that come with life. On the other hand, there will be much happiness to look forward to and this, we are able to do something about. Make a promise to yourself to get the most out of life by doing the nice things you always wished to do. In your planning, do include the CBIVA and especially the Annual Family Reunion. At the reunion, you will see happiness and you will feel this happiness. You will see love for the organization and the individuals and you will understand this love. You will know the meaning of the common bond (having served in CBI) that holds us together as comrades and dear friends. You will have happy memories of the occasion in your hearts forever and I don't mean that this will happen to the veteran alone. This love, happiness, and memory should be shared by his or her entire family. Make plans now to attend the twentieth annual reunion in Cincinnati, Ohio on August 2 through August 5, 1967.

The fall board meeting was held in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on November 5, 1966. It proved to be a success from every standpoint. Delegates from all corners of the United States attended the session. This great attendance proved my previous boast that the officers are sincere. They compose a great team and will give their utmost for the betterment of the organization. Reports were given by each offi-

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup or vice versa.
—Ed.

cer and we transacted business of a variety nature. No point of business was too great or too small. Nothing was overlooked or set aside. I thank the delegates for their interests, contributions, and for any sacrifices they made to attend this meeting.

The board meeting was not all business and my thanks to Edwin Krause, Milwaukee Basha Commander, who worked with several committees to afford much gaiety with an outstanding social schedule. The various committees included the Withowski's, Schwittau's, Kopplin's, Dencker's, Pohorsky's, Cicerello's, Mrs. Krause and Vera Seder. My apologies to anyone that I might have missed.

The gathering at the Pabst Brewery Sternwirth Room on November 4th included 46 CBIs. Later that evening there were 56 persons at the Elks Club where the Milwaukee Basha hosted a most delicious midnight snack (dinner). The two business sessions held on November 5th and the luncheon were attended by over thirty delegates. The dinner-dance finale which was held at the famous Cudworth Post that evening brought together a group of 75 wonderful people. Even this figure was later augmented by more couples who could not make the dinner. This was great. Comments were good and without a doubt, your Commander was the happiest person there. Doc Kazar, Tchula, Miss., had to replace his eye-balls when he saw the attendance. Digger Runk of Houston had to admit that shindigs in Milwaukee are as big as those in Texas. The Betz's of Vallejo, Calif., wanted to stay an extra week. I could ramble on but to sum it up quickly—"We had a most successful business and social event." Tillie and myself express a special thanks to the Schwittau's of Milwaukee and the Geiger's of Fond du Lac for their most gracious hospitality.

There are people who have merited recognition and deserve hearty congratulations from myself and the organization. Our first National Commander, Lester J. Dencker, was named the Milwaukee County "Veteran of the Year" and was appropriately honored at a Veterans Day banquet. No one could be more deserving of this great honor. Hats off to James DeChristefero as the new Commander of the Mahoning Valley Basha, to Edwin Krause who will lead the Milwaukee basha, to Al Frankel of Plymouth Meeting, Pa., our Senior Vice-Commander who was named CBIVA Membership Chairman, to Ray Lent and Tommie Jindig of Houston, Texas, for their efforts to make Texas the most popular CBI state by starting new bashas in every large city.

Those kind words that you folks keep sending my way mean so very much. Keep them coming. Let's hear from you.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



HUNGRY Chinese children beg for scraps of food as train stops during the evacuation of Kweilin. Photo by Milton Klein.

"Year of the Ram"

● The Chinese New Year will be celebrated in San Francisco's Chinatown February 18-26, 1967, with the parade to be held on Saturday, February 25. The events within these dates are open to the public. The Chinese private family celebration will be held the week prior. Any CBI "folks" are welcome to enjoy the weekend with the General George W. Sliney Basha.

RAY KIRKPATRICK,
San Francisco, Calif.

Joseph Fenaja

● Wanted to inform you that another CBI member has taken the long trail. Joseph Fenaja of St. Louis died Sept. 27, 1966, and was buried October 1. He was 67 years of age, and was a charter member of the St. Louis Basha.

LEON BOYER,
St. Louis, Mo.

Richard Van Wiggeren

● The body of Richard H. Van Wiggeren, 41, prominent Greater New Bedford, Mass., businessman, was found November 24, 1966, in a motel at Somerset. The medical examiner said "there was a note left to his family." He was president and treasurer of Industrial Supply & Engineering Co. A native of Ilion, N.Y., Van Wiggeren was married to the former Sue Wong, owner and

manager of Cathay Temple in Mattapoisett. He was active in the Elks and was first vice-president designate of the Kiwanis Club of New Bedford. He was active in promoting visits of New York children to Greater Bedford, working with the Kiwanis Club and Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund. He was a World War II veteran, serving with the Army in the Burma-India Theater. Besides his widow, he is survived by two daughters.

(From a newspaper clipping submitted by Raul M. Pereira, New Bedford, Mass.)

127th Signal Radio

● The fifth biennial reunion of the 127th Signal Radio Intelligence Com-

pany was held August 20-21, 1966, at the Pick Fort Shelby Hotel in Detroit, Mich. There were 20 men, 13 wives and 23 kids in attendance. Next reunion will be in Baltimore, Md., August 10-11, 1968. Otto Diechgraber and Joseph Fuchs will be in charge. The unit was in the CBI Theater from 1944 to 1946.

GEORGE WALZ,
Burlington, Iowa

95th Station Hospital

● Served as chief of surgery in the 95th Station Hospital, Chabua, India, and Kunming, China, February 10, 1943, to June, 1945. The 95th Station Hospital was the first Army hospital in Assam (Advance Section 3) and the first Army hospital in China. I have been a subscriber to Ex-CBI Roundup since 1946, and have always fully enjoyed the magazine. In all this time I have not seen any reference to the 95th. I would appreciate hearing from any former member of this pioneer group.

JAMES W. TOBIN, MD.,
164 Division St.,
Elgin, Ill.

Wouldn't Miss One

● Keep up the good work —wouldn't miss a copy.

ALFRED WEICHEL,
Tecumseh, Nebr.



COAL MINING operation in India. Photo by Andrew Janko.



BRITISH TROOPS pose on an idol in a monastery shrine in Mandalay, Burma, after the fall of the city in March 1945. US Air Force photo.